

## Rebel music

Bob Marley & The Wailers

I, rebel music  
I, rebel music  
Why can't we roam this open country?  
Oh, why can't we be what we want to be?  
We want to be free

Three o'clock roadblock, curfew  
And I've got to throw away  
Yes, I've got to throw away  
Yes, I've got to throw away  
My little herb stalk

I, rebel music  
I, rebel music

Take my soul and cuss me out  
Check my life if I am in doubt  
Three o'clock, roadblock  
And, hey, Mr. Cop, ain't got no  
(What you say down there?)  
Ain't got no birth certificate on me now

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Take my soul and cuss me out  
Check my life if I am in doubt  
Three o'clock, roadblock  
And, hey, Mr. Cop, ain't got no  
(What you say down there?)  
Ain't got no birth certificate on me now